Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

THE COQUETTE.

[Oil City Blizzard.]

Will I marry you? Yes, I will—
But only say it to keep you still.
You tease, and worry and bother me so,
That it's quite impossible to say no,
When will I marry you? I can't tell;
If you get me at all you'll be doing well.
Just now I'm too fond of my gay, merry life
To become a quiet, stay-at-home wife.
Am I perfectly heartless? Yes;
I lost it once. Where? You couldn't guess!
When? One beautiful summer night
When the moon and the stars were wondrous bright.
Do I know who has it now? Yes, I do;
Bend down your head and I'll whisper who.
There; that will do. Will you let me go?
I would not have told you had I known you'd act so.
Give you one kiss? Well, I rather think not!
Very poor manners, sir, you've been taught!
You'll take one then? Well, you're stronger than I,
And I'm much too wise to resist you. Why!
Oh, because my hair would be sure to come down,
And I don't want to rumple my very best gown;
Beside, it's so dark in this gloomy shade—
So weird and uncanny that I'm half afraid
Of the elfish whispers that creep around,
And the shadowy gleams on the moonlit ground.
And—the night loses half of its vague alarms
When I feel the clasp of your sheltering arms!
Would I care if aught should happen to you?
Why, yes! I wouldn't know what to do!
I'm a terrible coward, I'd die of fright,
Out here alone in the ghostly night.
Would I care a little if you should die
Ere the diamond stars go out of the sky?
Would I grieve o'er the unkind words I have said
If I saw you lying there cold and dead?
Oh yes! you know that my heart would break,
And I pray the blessed angels to take
Me first! For without you life would be
Dreary and bitter indeed to me!
Then I am yours until death do us part?
I must give you my hand since I've stolen your heart!
Indeed! oh, well, it shall be as you say;
I'm too tired to argue; have your own way.

CITY AND COUNTRY BOYS.

M. Quad's "Short Talk" to the Ambitious Farmer Lad.

[Detroit Free Press.]

As to the difference betwees city and country boys it lies entirely in the training. The farmer's son may have the most intelligence as a child, but natural intelligence must be trained and cultivated or it becomes low cunning instead of wisdom. The country boy has a district school, run in almost any fashion, while the city boy has graded schools conducted on the wisest system. So long as he is kept in the country the farmer's boy has no show at all compared to his friend in town in the matter of education.

We look to a man's personal deportment before we test his intellectual abilities. The farmer's son has no associates outside of his own class. The semi-solitary life of the farm has few refining influences. The work must be done whether or no, and farm-workers cannot expect time to cultivate song and music. He is not brought into contact at church socials, parties, lodges, lyceums, etc., while the refined and educated. He grows up in his ways and he remains thus. While the social condition of the American farmer is immeasurably superior to that of any similar ciass in any country on earth, it is not what it could be made nor what it will be fifty years hence.

And now, my boy, let me say to you that no matter what state you live in or what avocation you intend to pursue, you have advantages which you may not fully comprehend. There are no social barriers to keep you down. An honest, truthful, respectable boy or man can step right to the front without capital. His merits are recognized and rewarded. You have advantages over the boy of twenty, ten, or even five years ago. Every progressive step in the country's history helps the boy as well as the man.

Twenty years ago the money of the country was handled by men whose gray hairs were supposed to be proofs of honesty, and the business was in the hands of men past 40. To-day the country is giving the boys golden chances. They are put at the day-books and ledgers, at the cash desks in banks and post offices, in positions of trust and responsibility everywhere, and the active business is in the hands of men between 25 and 40. But now the boys who are taking an active part in business to-day the wheels would move slowly. You have the advantages and opportunities; if you miss them it is your own fault.

A Smart Stakeholder.

[Cor. Philadelphia Times.]

There are a number of "sports" in Baltimore who are at present in a very unhappy frame of mind. They made divers bets on the result of the election and put the money, amounting to nearly $9,000 in the hand of a saloonkeeper on Baltimore street to hold. Just here the trouble comes in, for it seems that the saloonkeeper aforesaid still "holds" it, or at least the "sports" cannot get their hands on it. Some of them called on him a few days ago for their wagers on separate states and were dumfounded when told by him that he had bet the money put in his hands and lost it.

The men who are out of pocket have no redress, as there is no way in law by which they can reach the saloonkeeper, but some of them are swearing vengeance, and say that they will "take it out of his hide." The betters say that he employed one or two well-known men about town to go around and make bets, he furnishing the money, the sum total of the wagers always to be placed in his hands to hold until the result was known. In this way he would use the same money over and over again, his agents always being ready and willing to bet any way that the other party might wish, knowing that it was a sure thing, however the election might go.

True Courage.

[Southern Bivouac.]

In all ages, courage on the battle-field has been the theme of orators and poets, yet the courage of the warrior is not only a common and variable quality, but has often been surpassed by that displayed by women. Native valor, too, is sometimes inferior to that which is acquired. Frederick the Great ran like a coward out of his first battle. Flying on the wings of fear, he went a great distance from the field, and, coming to one of his own strongholds, reported that his army was destroyed. What was his surprise and mortification to learn that his men had gained a great victory. He never forgot the lesson taught, and ever afterward was conspicuous for steady courage in action.

Many instances might be given of soldiers in the last war who, in their first fight, were "lily-livered," but who afterward faced with dauntless front the gleaming steel; and on the other hand, of some who were lion-hearted till taught by the pain of a wound the perils of a battle, and who then became notable cowards. Bravery in action, though more admired, is really not as great as that displayed in passive suffering. The woman who sticks to her post in the pestilential chamber is far braver than Alexander charging at the head of his cavalry.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

NEW FACTS ABOUT LITTLE PHIL'S FAMOUS EXPLOIT.

Interesting Incidents Noted on the Spot by a Busy Man About Camp—How Sheridan "Got the Bulge on Them."

[John Danby in Philadelphia Times.]

I have seen a painting representing the general coming on the scene on that occasion riding his big black horse (which was given to him by some Michigan friends), and, by the way, I have heard the cavalrymen curse that horse in vigorous terms. He was the fastest walker in the army, and when the general was riding at the head of the column on the march the rest of the command would be kept on a little jog-trot about half of the time, and any cavalryman knows how trying that is, especially for the non-combatants, such as cooks, camp carriers, etc., who are loaded down with camp and garrison equipage. I could always tell at night when I heard our cavalry marching near me if the general was in the lead by the jingle of tin and iron kettles as they closed up in the rear. Well, this painting that I mention shows the general with sword in hand, a broad-brimmed stiff regulation hat, with waving plume on his head and looking very much excited, as, of course, he had a right to be under the circumstances.

But the artist drew very largely on his imagination. It would be hard to exaggerate the beauty and majesty of the horse, for he was the beau ideal of a war horse—big, black, vigorous, champing his bit, nostrils red and dilating, his long tail swinging to and fro like a banner—it would be hard to picture anything more striking or grand than the big black on that occasion. But as to the general, excepting that his eyes were blazing and fierce, there was not much signs of excitement shown by him.

He wore some of the regulation uniform, but not much. On his head was a little round cap, such as German students wear. In his right hand he held a small riding whip, which, judging by the welts on his horse's flanks, had been industriously used. He was splashed with mud and had a big daub under one eye, which gave him a sort of "been-to-a-wake look." If he had any gauntlets they were in his pockets. As he rode on the hill beyond Middletown he was met by one of Gen. Tobert's aids, who was mounted on a big gray horse nearly as large as Rienzi.

The officer jumped the stone wall and joined the general just as he came in sight of the field, and rode side by side towards a group near the woods on the right of the pike in the rear of the Sixth corps, where Gens. Wright, Emory and Torbert and their staffs were gathered.

I asked the aid afterward what the general said when he joined him. He replied: "Well, the general's first words were, 'It was just such a d—d mess out west as this that gave me my brigadier star in the regular army, and I'm going to make it a double star this time.' He then asked, 'Where is Wright?'" and soon after joined the other generals. I had been riding along behind as fast as my little mare could jump, when the general looked back and said: "Scout, hunt up the ammunition wagons and order them up." Back in the rear on the valley pike the general's staff were making their way up as fast as they could. I transferred my orders to one of the aids, for I knew the demoralized teamsters would not pay much attention to a man in a blouse, and then turned and rode back after the general.

When I reached the group on the hill I saw Gen. Wright sitting on the ground, the tip of his chin had been cut away by a bullet early in the morning, and he was otherwise harmed probably, as he seemed to be dazed and not to have his wits about him for the time. Gen. Emory, "Old Bull of the Woods," as some of his wild young calvary staff called him, commander of the Nineteenth corps, stood by with his hands crossed behind his back, looking down at Gen. Wright. Gen. Torbert leaned on his horse and pulled his mustache, and Gen. Sheridan was quietly asking questions from all of them. In a few moments he knew all they could tell him, and pulling a dispatch book from his pocket began by writing something which he put in a little dispatch envelope and addressed, and then looking up his eye fell on me and blazed up in a moment. He said, "What in the d——l are you doing here? I thought I sent you after the ammunition wagons?" I explained matters to him. He gave me a sharp look and said: "You've got a healthy gall to order my staff officers about. Take this dispatch to Winchester as quick as you can," and then away he rode down the line. Presently one of the staff came galloping after me before I had gotten more than a mile beyond Middletown, and took the dispatch and told me to go back, and said he was to go to Winchester and order up all the stragglers, and would attend to the dispatch himself.

So back again I went and rode about all the rest of that busy day, getting what information I could and carrying orders for any one who wanted me. I gave the newspaper correspondents considerable information, which they worked up to suit themselves. The best account of the fight was written by the correspondent of The World.

Near the close of the fight I was near Gen. Torbert, on the left, when Gen. Sheridan came flying across the pike, jumping the high stone walls on each side. He said, in his earnest, quick way: "Torbert, I took the old Sixth corps in and drove them from the woods and over the hill and away from the stone walls, and I have got the bulge on them; and now, Torbert, I want your cavalry to do your best, and when I go back I am going in with everything, and if you and Merritt and Custer do your work well we will have them on the run in half an hour," and history shows that they did do their work well. Considering the fact that the Eighth corps was not engaged during the day, and that full one-third of the rest of the command, except the cavalry, were skedaddlers, and that about half of the artillery were captured early in the morning, it was an even fight, and Gen. Sheridan won it by good hard knocks and bull-dog fighting. Gens. Wright, Torbert and Emory would undoubtedly have made a good fight of it if Gen. Sheridan had not come up from Winchester, but it took Sheridan to get the "bulge on them."

Holding the Stakes.

[Boston Globe.]

"Sallri!" he asserted vacantly, as the policeman gathered together his coat collar and the seat of his trousers, preparatory to running him in. "Sallri!" I know'mdrunk—bu' a perf'c'ly jus'fiable. 'Sallri,' I say. 'S two fellers—fr'en'smine—'stettin' on 'leckshun—on erresult—bettin'erdrinksyerknow—'n I'm holdin'erstakes. I'mdrunkdr'nalord I know—bu'sperf'c'ly jus'fiable."

As Good Luck Would Have It.

[French Paper.]

There are some people in this town, you see, that cannot refrain from the most odious practical jokes. For instance, the other night I came home from the theatre, altogether unsuspicious of any treachery, and, lo! and behold, when I go to open the door I find that some dude and mugwump has gone and smeared the handle all over with pitch. Luckily I didn't have my glove on!

A BATTLE OF GIANTS.

They Wanted the "Fellow Who Wrote That Article."

[Western Letter.]

About twenty-five years ago, when a certain western state was a territory, and with few inhabitants, a young lawyer from New York emigrated thither and settled in the town of L——. He had been there nearly two years when he was induced to print a weekly newspaper, of which he was the editor. Squire S. was a very little man, but he used the editorial "WE" as frequently as if there were a dozen of him, and each as big as a giant."

Strange to say, there were at that time men in office who were not a particle more honest than they should be; a thing which probably never happened before, and never will again. Squire S. felt all the patriotism of a son of '76, and poured out grape and canister against public abuses. This soon stirred a hornet's nest about his ears; but as there was no other paper in the territory there was no reply for a time.

At length he published an article more severe against malfeasance in office than any that had preceded it. In fact, though it pointed at no individual in particular, it was a "scorcher."

Some three or four days afterward he was sitting alone in his editorial office, which was about a quarter of a mile from the printing establishment. His pen was busy with a paragraph, when his door opened, and in stalked a man about six feet in his stockings. He asked: "Are you S., the proprietor of this paper?" Thinking he had found a new patron, the little man, with one of his blandest smiles, answered in the affirmative. The stranger deliberately drew the last number of the paper from his pocket, and pointing to the article against rogues in office, told the affrighted editor that it was intended for "him."

It was in vain that S. protested that he had never heard of him before. The wrath of the visitor rose to a fever heat, and from being so long restrained boiled over with double fury. He gave the editor his choice, either to publish a very humble recantation or take a flogging on the spot. Either alternative was wormwood, but what could he do? The enraged office-holder was twice his size, and at one blow would qualify him for an obituary notice. He agreed to retract; and as the visitor insisted upon writing the retraction he himself sat down to the task. Squire S. made an excuse to walk to the printing office, with a promise he would be back in season to sign it as soon as it was finished.

S. had hardly gone fifty yards when he encountered a man who inquired where Squire S.'s office was and if he was at home. Suspecting that he too was on the same errand as the other visitor, he pointed to the office and told him he would find the editor within, writing a most abusive article against office-holders. This was enough. The eyes of the new-comer flashing fire, he rushed into the office and assaulted the stranger with the epithets, "liar, scoundrel, coward," and told him he would teach him how to write.

The gentleman, supposing it was some bully sent there by the editor, sprang to his feet, and a fight ensued. The table was upset and smashed into firewood, the contents of a large jug of ink stood in puddles on the floor, the chairs had their legs and backs broken beyond the skill of surgery to cure them. This seemed only to inspire the combatants with still greater fury. Blow followed blow with the rapidity of lightning. First one was kicking on the floor, then the other, each taking it in turn pretty equally. The ink on the floor found its way to their faces, till both of them cut the most ludicrous figure imaginable.

The noise and uproar were tremendous. The neighbors ran to the door and exclaimed with astonishment that two niggers were fighting in Squire S.'s office. None dared separate them. At length, completely exhausted, they ceased fighting. The circumstances of the case became known, and the next day, hardly able to sit on horseback, their heads bound up, they started homeward, carrying with them the most striking evidences of their attempt to redeem their honor.

Miss Morosini.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

How absurdly the descriptions of Miss Morosini were exaggerated in the newspapers. Instead of the beautiful creature I expected to see, when she sang at Steinway hall, I found a stumpy sort of a woman with a face that might have belonged to a housemaid or a cook and with awkward and uncomfortable manners. I have come to the conclusion that Schelling is not to be so much envied after all. Miss Morosini possesses about as much pretensions to beauty as an average shoe factory girl, and she sings in the high and somewhat nasal soprano prevalent in boarding-house back parlors. He seems to feel rather discouraged, as it is, though his wife is in a fair way to make money. The talk about her singing in grand opera, or even opera of any sort, is the wildest sort of nonsense. If people want to go and see Miss Victoria Morosini Schelling Huiskamp simply because she has become notorious as a banker's daughter who married a coachman, they are at liberty to do so, of course, if they are willing to pay $1.50 for the sight. It would be perhaps just as well not to rave about the beauty and genius of a woman who is not attractive in the slightest degree, nor endowed with more than the most ordinary of musical accomplishments.

An Embarrassed Inventor.

[Boston Herald.]

Among the regular passengers on a certain Boston railroad is a somewhat celebrated chemist, who has lately compounded a mixture for the cure of cholera. The other evening he was in conversation with the conductor regarding his discovery, and being very much interested in its wonderful medicinal properties, he raised his voice so as to attract the attention of all the passengers in the car. "Why," said he, "my medicine will knock the cholera higher than a burnt boot. I wish it would come here, and I would show you how quick I would conquer it and make my fortune besides." "What's the matter with your going out there where it is and wrestling with it?" blandly suggested the genial conductor. "Why, I might catch it myself," innocently replied the would-be cholera exterminator, and the roars of laughter that filled the cars at that moment so confused the worthy inventor as to cause his sudden retirement to the smoking car.

Josh Billings.

[Joe Howard in Boston Herald.]

I don't know whether you like Josh Billings in Boston. I like him. I doubt if there can be found in all the realm of eccentricity an individuality more absolute, an oddity more original, an author who has given vent to more common sense, clothed in taking and interesting garb than this same Josh Billings. If he were to stand erect he is about six feet six inches tall, well proportioned, and very fine looking. He has a very heavy, large head, thick, black hair, which falls upon his stooping shoulders. He carries his head well forward, and stoops as much so that the ordinary camel would grow green with envy.

[The Judge.]

Eddie Eugene—Pa, do you love me as much as Mr. Jones loves his little boy?

Pa—Certainly, I do.

Eddie Eugene—Well, he bought his little boy a horse.

MACHINERY AND LABOR.

Has Machinery Displaced Human Labor? Temporary Disturbances.

[New York Tribune.]

In every civilized land, at this time, there is complaint that times are hard. Everywhere the cause is said by many to be overproduction. But how can it be a cause to mankind to have the objects of human desire supplied in greater abundance and more cheaply? If there is overproduction all over the world, as some reason, that means merely that the supply of things useful for human happiness is greater all over the world than the present demand. In reply to this natural suggestion, we are told that a vast amount of labor has been displaced by machinery, that a general disturbance of the labor market has been caused, and that a great number of persons have been thrown out of employment. The very change which some call a blessing brings ruin to many producers, and forces many employers to cut down wages, and curtails the ability of workers to consume products of other industries. Thus we are taught to believe that the progress of science and invention is a progress toward human misery.

Is it true, then, that machinery has displaced human labor? A century ago relatively fewer persons were employed in any other avocation than in tilling the soil than are now so employed. Machinery has created a new world; it has cheapened almost everything that man desires. It has brought within the reach of the humblest not only a vast number of products wholly unknown a century ago, but luxuries and comforts which a century ago even the richest could not afford to commonly enjoy. Meanwhile has it displaced labor? On the contrary, it has made work for a vast population outside of the ruder arts which were formerly pursued. Has it displaced the shoemaker? No; more persons than ever before are making shoes, because more shoes are made and used, cheapness permitting multitudes to wear them who formerly could not. So there are more sewing-girls, in spite of sewing-machines.

There are more farm-workers, in spite of all the ricultural machines. There are more cotton and woollen and silk weavers in spite of those numerous improvements which seem to do with steam and iron the work of human hands better than human hands could do it. And to crown all, the wages in all branches of labor have risen. In every occupation, from the rudest to the most skilled, from farm labor to the most delicate manipulation of tools and machinery, labor is better paid in money than it was before the age of invention. And, moreover, each dollar of the money received will buy far more food than a dollar would have bought a century ago, far more clothing, and more things for the supply of all human wants.

Thus it is simply blundering to say that machinery does, or can, in the long run, supplant or displace human labor. On the contrary, the use of machinery is limited only by the human labor that can be brought to employ it. Every labor-saving invention enables one human want to be more cheaply supplied, so that a part of the human labor expended in satisfying it can be turned to the supply of other wants. The overproduction theory, except as limited to a very narrow field, and within a narrow compass of time, is altogether without foundation. The human race as a whole does not suffer because its powers of production are increased, or because its wants can be more easily and cheaply supplied, or because things needed for human comfort and use are more abundantly produced. Temporarily, and within some particular market, production may at times so far outrun the demand that a disturbance results. But this is not the phenomenon which we are now witnessing.

Imagine Senator Beck's Feelings!

[National Republican.]

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, and Representative Wilkins, of Ohio, were talking recently, when the Kentuckian espied the picture of a horse hanging on the wall. "There," he exclaimed with rapture, "is a picture of Lexington, the grandest horse that ever stood on four feet." "Yes," said Mr. Wilkins, "he was certainly a very remarkable horse. "Was he a trotter or a runner?"

A look of ineffable scorn passed over Senator Beck's broad, expressive countenance. "Was he a trotter or a runner?" he repeated, astonishment, pity and profound disgust being blended in the tones of his voice. "Was he a runner or a trotter? Well, well, well, I do declare. I never heard of such astounding ignorance before in the whole course of my life, excepting on one occasion, and that was three years ago, and a fellow senator was the frightful example. Iroquois had won the English Derby, and we Kentuckians naturally felt proud of the success of the American racer abroad, and waited with breathless anxiety for news from France that would tell us of the victory or defeat of the Kentucky-bred Foxhall, who was entered for the grand prize of Paris. The day of the race I opened up my newspaper and looked for the Paris date line the first thing. I was overjoyed to find that Foxhall had indeed won, and sent a page for Senator Allison. When he came over to my desk I pointed to the Paris telegram and asked him to 'read that.' He read the paragraph and calmly expressed his great gratification over the victory. After he had run on a while he paralyzed me by the inquiry: 'Was it a trotting or a running race that Foxhall won?'

"Imagine my feelings. Words could not express them. I fell back in my chair speechless, and didn't speak to the senator from Iowa for two weeks. Brother Wilkins, I would like to see you in Kentucky, but as a friend I must advise you to read up on Lexington before you cross the Ohio. If the Kentuckians should suspect you of not knowing whether Lexington was a trotter or a racer it might go hard with you."

Ellen Terry's Dog.

[Boston Courier Interview]

"Such a funny thing happened when we were coming to Boston from Buffalo. The train stopped at a station—I have forgotten the name of it—and Fussie jumped off. The bell rang, and off we started. When the depot was a mere speck in the distance I suddenly missed Fussie. 'Where is he?' I asked, and Harris, my maid, said he jumped off at the station, and she did not think he got on again.

"'Oh, stop the train!' I cried, and, you will hardly believe it, but they did. We were going back to the depot and there was Fussie coming on as fast as his legs could bring him. There was never anything like the people in this country for kindness of heart and willingness to oblige anyone."

A man says that generally women are less susceptible to flattery than men. It isn't possible that any living woman would have failed to detect the humbug to which a barber successfully subjected a man in my presence the other day. The customer had a big bald spot on the back of his head. The faintest furze was barely visible on the polished scalp. In brushing the remnant of hair the barber included the denuded surface, carefully extending an imaginary parting directly through it, and then using the brush in a way that would have arranged the hirsute covering if there had been any.

"What on earth made you do that?" I subsequently asked him.

"Because I would have offended him by recognizing his baldness," was the reply, "and by ignoring it I tickled him mightily."